A

Moſt pleaſant Comedie of Mucedorus the Kings ſonne of *Valencia*, and *Amadine* the Kinges daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceites of *Mouſe*.

Amplified with new additions, as it was acted before the Kings Maieſtie at White-hall on Shroue-ſunday night.

By his Highnes Seruantes, vſually playing at the Globe.

Very delectable, and full of conceited Mirth.

Imprinted at London for *William Iones*, dwelling neere Holborne Conduit at the ſigne of the Gunne.
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The Prologue.

MOſt ſacred Maieſtie, whoſe great deſertes,
Thy Subiect *England*; nay, the World admires:
Which, Heauen graunt ſtill increaſe; O may your Prayſe
Multiplying with your houres, your Fame ſtill rayſe:
Embrace your Counſell; Loue, with Fayth, them guide:
That both as one bench, by each others ſide,
So may your life paſſe on, and runne ſo euen,
That your firme zeale, plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians bee
From blemiſht Traytors, ſtayn'd with Periurie:
And as the night's inferiour to the day,
So be all earthly Regions, to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your Beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light.
Mirth drowne your booſome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our Paſtime, your Contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may
eaſily play it.

The King, and Rombelo,	*for one.*
King Valencia,	*for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valencia,	*for one.*
Ancelmo,	*for one.*
Amadine the Kinges daughter of Aragon,	*for one.*
Segaſto a Noble-man,	*for one.*
Ennie, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wild man,	*for one.*
Comedie, a Boy, an old Woman, Ariena, Amadines mayde,	*for one.*
Collin a Counceller, a Meſſenger,	*for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	*for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedie of

Mucedorus the Kinges Sonne of *Valencia*, and
Amadine the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedie ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy ſo; thus doe I hope to pleaſe:
Muſicke reuiues, and Mirth is tollerable:
Comedie play thy part, and pleaſe;
Make merrie them that comes to ioy with thee:
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh
Sound foorth *Bellonas* ſiluer tuned ſtringes,
Time fittes vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Ennie, his armes naked beſmeared with blood.

Enn. Nay ſtay Minion, there lyes a Blocke:
What, all on Mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your Muſicke with a Tragicke end.

Com. What monſtrous vgly Hagge is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Curre, beſmeard with gorie blood,
That ſeemſt to checke the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtiffe the ſound of ſweete *Bellonas* breath:
Bluſh Monſter, bluſh and poſte away with ſhame,
That ſeekeſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe deedes.

Enn. Poſte hence thy ſelfe thou counterchecking trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glorie of thy wiſhed port:
Ile thunder Muſicke ſhall apale the Nymphes,
And make them ſhiuer their clattering ſtringes,
Flying for ſuccour to their Daniſh caues

Sound Drummes within, and cry ſlab, ſlab.

Heark n. thou ſhalt heare a noyſe,
Shall fill the ayre with a ſhrilling ſound,
And thunder Muſicke to Gods aboue:

Mars ſhall himſelfe breath downe
A peereleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Enuies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue Muſicke, *Enuie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their blood,
To ſpurne at Armes and Legges quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſand ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my trull? thi's ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloody curre, nurſt vp with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a Womans minde;
Comedie is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales;
And bringeth thinges with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloodie, enuious; diſdayner of mens ioyes:
Whoſe name is fraught with bloodie ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing, but in ſpoyle and death,
Where thou mayſt trample in their luke-warme blood,
And graſpe their heartes within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on mee,
A ſilly Woman begges it at thy handes:
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play;
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not Death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treates nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humaine reſtes in thee,
Forbeare, be gone; tender the ſuite of mee.

Enu. Why ſo I will; forbeare ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of blood:
This will I doe: thus ſhall I beare with thee.
And more, to vexe thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threates of blood, begin thy Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuie and with Hate.

Com. Then vgly Monſter, doe thy worſt,

I will defend them in deſpight of thee:
And though thou thinkſt with tragicke fumes
To praue my Play vnto my deepe diſgrace,
I force it not, I ſcorne what thou canſt doe:
Ile grace it ſo, thy ſelfe ſhall it confeſſe,
From Tragicke ſtuffe, to be a pleaſant Comedie.

Ira. Why then *Comedie*, ſend thy Actors foorth,
And I will croſſe the firſt ſteppes of their trade,
Making them feare the very dart of Death.

Com. And Ile defend them mauger all thy ſpight:
So vgly Fiend farewell, till time ſhall ſerue,
That we may meet to parle for the beſt.

Ira. Content *Comedie*, Ile goe ſpread my Branch,
And ſcattered Bloſſomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall prooue two Monſters, ſpoyling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anſelmo his friend.

Muc. Anſelmo? *Anſel.* My Lord and Friend.

Muc. True my *Anſelmo*, both thy Lord and friend,
Whoſe deare affections booſome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe.

Anſ. Whence nere diſloyaltie ſhall roote it foorth,
But Fayth plant firmer in your choyſe reſpect.

Muc. Much blame were mine, if I ſhould other deeme,
Nor can coy Fortune contrarie allow:
But my *Anſelmo*, loth I am to ſay, I muſt eſtrange that friendſhip,
Miſconſture not, tis from the Realme, not thee:
Though Lands part bodyes, Heartes keepe companie;
Thou knowſt that I imparted often haue,
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beautious *Amadine*,
Rich *Argos* bright Iewell; whoſe face (ſome ſay)
That blooming Lillies neuer ſhone ſo gay;
Excelling, not exceld: yet leaſt Report
Does mangle Veritie, boaſting of what is not,
Wing'd with Deſire; thither Ile ſtraight repaire,
And be my Fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Anſ. Will you forſake *Valencia*? leaue the Court?

Abſent

Abſent you from the eye of Soueraignte,
Doe not ſweete Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where; be wonne from it.
Muc. Doſiſt diſſwaſion,
My reſolution brookes no batterie,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſsiſt what I intende.
Anſ. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a froſtie deaw vpon that Beard,
Whoſe front *Valentia* ſtoopes to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues ſtrong Magicke, charme thy triuiall phraſe,
Waſted as vainely, as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwers; locke thy lippes,
Vnleſſe thy Wiſedome ſuite me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſ. That action craues no counſell,
Since what you rightly are, will more commaund,
Then beſt vſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition,
A more obſcure ſeruile habiliment
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſ. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebancke*.
Muc. Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy iudgment,
My minde is grafted on an humbler ſtocke.
Anſ. Within my Cloſet does there hang a Caſſocke,
Though baſe the weede is, t'was a Shepheards,
Which I preſented in Lord *Iulios* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view;
That habite ſuites my minde, fetch wee that weed:
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kinges, haue not diſdaind that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a Shepheards Coate.
So, let our reſpect commaund thy ſecrecie,
At once a briefe farewell,
Delay to louers, is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*

Anſelmo

Anſ. Proſperitie forerunne thee, Auckward chaunce
Neuer be neigbour to thy wiſhes venture:
Content and Fame aduance thee; euer thriue,
And Glory thy mortalitie ſuruiue. *Exit.*

Enter Mouſe with a Bottle of Hay.

Mouſ. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman ſo ſcard out of his ſeauen Senſes? A Beare? nay ſure it can not be a Beare, but ſome Deuill in a Beares Doublet: for a Beare could neuer haue had that agilitie, to haue frighted me. Well, Ile ſee my Father hang'd, before Ile ſerue his Horſe any more: Well, Ile carry home my Bottle of Hay, and for once, make my Fathers Horſe turne Puritane and obſerue Faſting-dayes; for he gets not a bit. But ſoft, this way ſhe followed me, therefore Ile take the other Path; and becauſe Ile be ſure to haue an eye on him, I will take handes with ſome fooliſh Creditor, and make euery ſteppe backward.

As he goes backwards, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runnes away, and leaues his bottle of Hay behind him.

Enter Segaſto running, and Yſmadine after him, being purſued with a Beare.

Seg. Oh flie Madame, flie; or elſe we are but dead.

Am. Helpe *Segaſto*, helpe, helpe ſweete *Segaſto*; or elſe I die.

Segaſto runnes away.

Seg. Alaſſe Madame, there is no way but flight,
Then haſte and ſaue your ſelfe.

Ama. Why then I die: Ah helpe me in ſtiſtreſſe.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a ſword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muc. Stay Lady, ſtay, and be no more diſmayde,
That cruell Beaſt, moſt mercileſſe and fell,
Which hath bereaued thouſands of their liues;
Affrighted many with his hard purſues,
Prying from place to place to find his Prey,
Prolonging thus his life, by others death,
His Carcaſſe now lies headleſſe voyde of breath.

Am. That foule deformed Monſter, is he dead?

Muc. Aſſure your ſelfe thereof, behold his head:

Which if it pleaſe you Lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld to your Maieſtie.
Am. Thankes worthy Shepheard, thankes a thouſand times,
This Gift (aſſure thy ſelfe) contentes me more,
Then greateſt bountie of a mightie Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.
Muc. Moſt gratious Goddeſſe, more then mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right, importes no leſſe:
Moſt glad am I, in that it was my chaunce,
To vndertake this enterpriſe in hand,
Which doth ſo greatly glad your Princely minde.
Ama. No Goddeſſe (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight diſtreſſed as thou ſeeſt:
My Father heere, is King of *Arragon*,
I, *Amadine*, his onely Daughter am,
And after him, ſole Heire vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my Fathers will
To marrie me vnto *Segaſto*,
On whoſe wealth, through Fathers former Vſurie,
Is knowne to be no leſſe then wonderfull:
We both of cuſtome often times did vſe
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, eſpecially the Spring,
In that it yeeldes great ſtore of rare delights:
And paſſing further then our wonted walkes:
Scarſe entred were within theſe luckleſſe Woods,
But right before vs downe a ſteepe-fall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hie him faſt
To meete vs both: I faint to tell the reſt.
Good ſhepheard, but ſuppoſe the gaſtly lookes,
The hideous feares, the thouſand hundred woes,
Which at this inſtant *Amadine* ſuſtaind.
Muc. Yet worthy Princeſſe let thy ſorrow ceaſe,
And let this ſight your former ioyes renine.
Am. Beleeue me ſhepheard, ſo it doth no leſſe.
Muc. Long may they laſt vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him
Segaſto calde? what is become of him?

Am.

Am. I know not I, that know the powers diuine:
But God graunt this, that sweete *Segasto* liue.
Muc. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,
And leaue so braue a Princesse to the spoyle.
Am. Well Shepheard, for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainely knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the Head of this most monstrous Beast,
In open sight, to every Courtiers view:
So will the King my Father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the Court.
Muc. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And so insuing harmes to chuse the least:
But hard, yea hapless is that wretches chance,
Luckless his lot, and Caytiue-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall:
For I, the more I seeke to shunne the worst,
The more by proofe I find my selfe accrst.
Ere-whiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone:
Foorth with by flight I thought to saue my selfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse, of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long,
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with dartes of thousand deaths:
If she by flight, her furie doe escape,
What will she thinke?

Will ſhe not ſay, yea flatly to my face,
Accuſing me of meere diſloyaltie,
A truſtie Friend is tride in time of need?
But I, when ſhe in danger was of death,
And needed me; and cried, *Segaſto* helpe:
I turnd my backe, and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what; what needs theſe plaintes?
If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I,
She will in time forgiue, and ſo forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter Monſe the Clowne running, crying Clubs.

Mo. Clubs, Pronges, Pitchforkes, Bils: Oh helpe,
A Beare a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing elſe but Beares:
Tell me ſirrah, where ſhe is?

Clow. O ſir, ſhe is runne downe the Woods,
I ſaw her white head and her white belly.

Seg. Thou talkeſt of wonders, to tell mee of White Beares.
But ſirrah, didſt thou euer ſee any ſuch?

Clo. No fayth, I neuer ſaw any ſuch;
But I remember my Fathers wordes,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale, no doubt.

Clo. I tell you what, ſir, as I was going afielde to ſerue my Fathers great Horſe and carryed a bottle of Hay vpon my head: Now doe you ſee ſir, I faſt hud winckt, that I could ſee nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my Hay into the Hedge, and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?

Clo. I warrant you yes, I ſaw ſomething; for there was two load of Thornes, beſides my bottle of Hay, and that made thee.

Seg. But tell me ſirrah; the Beare that thou didſt ſee,
Did ſhe not beare a Bucket on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha; I neuer ſaw Beare goe a milking in all my life.
But harke you ſir; I did not looke ſo hie as her arme,
I ſaw nothing but her white Head, and her white Belly.

Seg. But tell me ſirrah: Where doſt thou dwell?

Clo. Why, doe you not know me?

Seg. Why no, how ſhould I know thee?

Clo. Why then you know no body, and you know not mee: I tell you ſir, I am the Good-man Rats ſonne of the next Pariſh ouer the Hill.

Seg. Good-man Rats ſonne: why what's thy name?

Clo. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke ſo, but what's thy name?

Clo. My name; I haue a very prettie name: Ile tell you what my name is: my name is *Mouſe*.

Seg. What, plaine *Mouſe*.

Clo. I plaine *Mouſe*, without either welt or gard. But doe you heare ſir, I am but a very young *Mouſe*, for my Taile is ſcarce growne out yet; looke you heere elſe.

Seg. But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Fayth ſir, I know not that; but if you would faine know, aske my Fathers great Horſe, for he hath been halfe a yeare longer with my Father then I haue.

Seg. This ſeemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merrie Man, a merrie Maiſter makes.
How favſt thou ſirrah. Wilt thou dwell with me?

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir, two wordes to a bargaine: pray you, what Occupation are you?

Seg. No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

Clo. Your Lands? away, you are no Maiſter for me: Why do you thinke that I am ſo mad, to goe ſeeke my liuing in the Lands amongſt the Stones, Bryers, and Buſhes, and teare my Holy-day apparell: not I by your leaue.

Seg. Why, I doe not meane thou ſhalt. *Clo.* How then?

Seg. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and waight vpon me at the (Court.

Clo. What's that? *Seg.* Where the King lies.

Clo. What's that ſame King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man, as thou art.

Clo. As I am: hurke you ſir, pray you what kin is he to good-man King of our Pariſh, the Churchwarden?

Seg. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clo. King of the land, I neuer ſee him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou ſhalt ſee him euery day.

Clo. Shall I goe home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares No not I: I will goe home and put one a cleane Shirt, and then goe drowne my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with mee, thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clo. Shall I not? then heer's my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you ſir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you, what I can do: I can keepe my Tongue from picking and ſtealing, and my Hands from lying and ſlaundring, I warrant you as well as euer you had Man in all your life.

Seg. Now will I to Court with ſorrowfull heart rounded with doubts; if *Amacome* do liue, then happy I: yea happie I, if *Amadine* do liue.

Enter the King with a young Prince Priſoner, Amadine, Trimelio, With Collin and Counſellers.

King. Now braue Lords, our Warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foyle, and we in ſafety reſt:
It vs behooues to vſe ſuch clemency in peace,
As valour in the warres:
It is a great honour to be bountifull at home,
As to be Conquerours in the field:
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and your Countries ſafegard,
We are diſpos'd in marriage for to giue
Our Daughter to Lord *Segaſto* heere,
Who ſhall ſucceede the Diademe after mee,
And raigne hereafter as I tofore haue done,
Your ſole and lawfull King of *Arragon*,
What ſay you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Maieſty, we do not only allow of your Highnes pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

King. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Admetus* liue,
He will at full requite your curteſies.
Trimelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catalone*, a Prince
Lately our Priſoner taken in the Warres:
Be thou his Keeper, his ranſome ſhall be thine,
Wee'le thinke of it when leaſure ſhall affoord:
Meane while, do vſe him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thankes to your Maieſty, his vſage ſhall be ſuch
As he thereat ſhall thinke no cauſe to grutch. *Exeunt.*
King. Then march we on to Court, & reſt our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in ſecret kept for thee,
When thou ſhalt heare a watch-ward from thy King,
Thinke then, ſome waighty matter is at hand,
That highly ſhall concerne our State:
Then *Collin*, looke thou be not farre from me:
And for the ſeruice thou tofore haſt done,
Thy trueth and valour proou'd in euery point,
I ſhall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So gaurd vs to the Court.
Col. What ſo my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld conſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto and the Clowne with Weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me firra, How doe you like your Weapons?
Clo. O very well, very well, they keepe my ſides warme.
Seg. They keep the dogs frō your ſhins very wel, doe they not
Clo. How? keepe the dogs from my ſhins, I would ſcorne but my ſhins ſhould keepe the dogs from them.
Seg. Well firra, hauing idle talke, tell mee,
Doeſt thou know Captaine *Tremelios* Chamber?
Clo. I very well, it hath a doore.
Seg. I thinke ſo, for ſo hath euery Chamber:
But doeſt thou know the man?
Clo. I forſooth, he hath a noſe on his face.
Seg. Why ſo hath euery one. *Clo.* That's more then I know.
Seg. But doeſt thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King euen now, that brought the young Prince Priſoner?
Clo. O very well.
Seg. Goe vnto him, and bid him come vnto mee,
Tell him I haue a matter in ſecret to impart to him.
Clo. I will Maiſter. Maiſter whats his name?

Seg.

Seg. Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?

Clo. O the Mealeman; I know him very well,
He bringes Meale euerie Saterday: But harke you Maiſter:
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Seg. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clo. Harke you Maiſter; how if he be not at home,
What ſhall I doe then?

Seg. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clo. O Maiſter, if there be no body within,
I will léaue word with his Dogge.

Seg. Why, can his Dogge ſpeake?

Clo. I cannot tell; wherefore doth he keepe his Chamber elſe?

Seg. To keepe out ſuch Knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay by Lady; then goe your ſelfe.

Seg. You will goe ſir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marie will I: O tis come to my head:
And a be not within, Ile bringe his Chamber to you.

Seg. What, wilt thou plucke downe the Kinges Houſe?

Clo. Hay by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maiſter, it is ſuch a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name?

Seg. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. Oh, Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirrah, doſt thou call mee?

Clo. You muſt come to my Maiſter, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto*, did you ſend for mee?

Seg. I did *Tremelio*: Sirra, about your buſineſſe.

Clo. I mary, what's that, can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marie then I can; ſtraight to the Kitchen-dreſſer to *Iohn* the Cooke, and get me a good peece of Beefe & Brewis, and then to the Butterie hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a lacke of Beere; and there, for an houre, Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe: and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maiſter. *Exit.*

Seg. Well ſir, away.
Tremelio, this it is; thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*,

Spread

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Arragon*,
And ſuch as haue found triumph and fauours:
Neuer daunted at any time: But now a Shepheard,
Admired at in Court, for worthineſſe,
And *Segaſtos* honour layde aſide:
My will therefore is this, that thou doeſt finde ſome meanes to worke the Shepheards death: I know thy ſtrength ſufficient to performe my deſire, and thy loue no otherwiſe then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares:
Therefore account it accompliſh'd what I take in hand.

Seg. Thankes good *Tremelio*, and aſſure thy ſelfe,
What I promiſe, that I will performe.

Tre. Thankes good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth; ſtand by awhile,
And you ſhall ſee me put in practiſe your intended drift:
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward, ſo without cauſe to ſtrike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now ſtrike, and doe thy worſt.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, ſpare him, kill him not:
Accurſed villaine, tell me, What haſt thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, truſtie *Tremelio*, I ſorrow for thy death,
And ſince that thou liuing, didſt prooue faythfull to *Segaſto*,
So *Segaſto* now liuing, will honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge.
Blood thirſtie Villaine, borne and bred in mercileſſe murther,
Tell me, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the leaſt of mine?
Aſſure thy ſelfe, thou ſhalt be vſde according to the law.

Muc. *Segaſto* ceaſe, theſe threates are needleſſe,
Accuſe me not of murther, that haue done no thing,
But in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard, reaſon not with me,
Ile manifeſt thy fact vnto the King:
Whoſe doome will be thy death, as thou deſeru'ſt:
What hoe! *Monſe*, come away.

Enter Mouſe.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.
Seg. Come helpe away with my friend.
Clo. Why, is he drunke? cannot he ſtand on his feete?
Seg. No, he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.
Clo. Flaine? no by Lady he is not ſlaine.
Seg. Hee's kild, I tell thee. (longer.
Clo. What do you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerue you no
Seg. I tell thee, the Shepheard kild him.
Clo. O did he ſo: But Maiſter, I will haue all his Apparrell if I carry him away. *Seg.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.
Clo. Come then, I will helpe: Maſſe Maiſter, I thinke his Mother ſung Loobie to him, he is ſo heauie. *Exeunt.*
Mu. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwayes mutable, neuer at one.
Sometimes we feede on fancies with the ſweete of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heate of extreame miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey:
To morrow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes,
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a Wilde man.

Bre. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chaunce that ſeldome doth befall,
What not one? then ly thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo*, ſith thy leaſure ſo affoords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremos* ſtrength:
Who like a king commander within theſe woods,
The Beare, the Boare, dares not abide my ſight,
But haſte away to ſaue themſelues by ſlight:
The chriſtall waters in the bubling Brookes,
When I come by, doth ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder bankes,
Afraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:
The aged Oakes at *Bremos* breath doth bowe,
And all thinges elſe are ſtill at my commaund.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would reuenge my ſelfe.
Why who comes heere, with whom I dare not fight;
Who fights with me, and doth not dy the death? not one.
What fauour ſhewes this ſturdie ſticke to thoſe
That here within theſe Woodes are combatants with mee?
Why Death, and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe Rage, I wander through theſe Woods:
No creature heere, but feareth *Bremos* force,
Man, Woman, Child, Beaſt and Bird,
And euery thing that doth approch my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my ſpoyles,
For here I ſee this day it will not be:
But when it fals that I encounter any,
One patte ſuffizeth for to worke my will.
What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerue, when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepheard, and the Clowne, with others.

Kin. Shepheard, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is layd to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerued death.

Mu. Dread Soueraigne, I muſt needes confeſſe:
I ſlue this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chaunce:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.

Seg. Wordes will not heere preuaile,
I ſeeke for Iuſtice; and Iuſtice craues his death.

Kin. Sepheard, thine owne confeſsion hath condemned thee.
Sirra take him away, and do him to execution ſtraight.

Clo. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But do you heare maiſter King; he is kinne to a Monkie,
His necke is begger then his Head.

Seg. Come ſirra, away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forſooth I warrant you: Come on ſirra:
A, ſo like a Sheepe-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued Sire;
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepheard,
which heretofore preſerued the life of thy ſometime diſtreſſed
Daughter.

King. Preſeru'd the life of my ſometime diſtreſſed Daughter,
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou waſt diſtreſt: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy eſtate,
As beſt beſeem'd the Daughter of a King:
I neuer ſaw the Shepheard vntill now;
How comes it then, that he preſeru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segaſto* in the Woods,
Further then our accuſtomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a ſteepe-fall hill,
A monſtrous vgly Beare did hie him faſt,
To meet vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credite of *Segaſto*.

Seg. Moſt true, an't like your Maieſtie. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to ſwallow vs both at once:
The ſight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But ſpecially your Daughter *Amadine*;
Who for I ſaw no ſuccour incident
But in *Segeſtos* valour, I grew deſperate:
And he moſt coward-like began to flie,
Left me diſtreſt to be deuowr'd of him:
How ſay you *Segaſto*, is it not true?

King. His ſilence verifies it to be true: What then?

Ama. Then I amazde, diſtreſſed all alone,
Did hie me faſt to ſcape that vgly Beare:
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft eſcape his pawes:
Till at the length, this Shepheard came,
And brought to me his head. (ieſty.
Come hither Boy; Loe heere it is, which I preſent vnto your Ma-

King. The ſlaughter of this Beare deſerues great fame.

Seg.

Seg. The ſlaughter of a man, deſerues great blame.
Kin. Indeed occaſion often times ſo falles out.
Seg. *Tremelio* in the Warres (O King) preſerued thee,
Am. The Shepheard in the Woods (O King) preſerued mee.
Seg. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.
Am. So would the Shepheard, had he been in field.
Clo. So would my Maiſter, had he not run away.
Seg. *Tremelios* force ſaued thouſands from the foe.
Am. The Shepheards force hath ſaued thouſands moe.
Clo. A ye ſhipſtickes, nothing elſe.
King. *Segaſto*, ceaſe to accuſe the Shepheard,
His worthyneſſe deſerues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepheard good:
Shepheard, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt die,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Seg. Thankes to your Maieſtie.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long mayſt thou liue, and when the Siſters ſhall decree
To cut in twaine the twiſted threed of life,
Then let him die: for this, I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Muc. Thankes to your Maieſtie.
King. Come daughter, let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clo. O Maiſter heare you; you haue made a freſh hand now,
You would beſtow you: What will you doe now?
You haue loſt me a good occupation by the meanes:
Fayth Maiſter, now I cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take the paines to hang you:
It is but halfe an houres exerciſe.
Seg. You are ſtill in your knauerie:
But ſith I can not haue his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for euer: Come on ſirra.
Clo. Yes forſooth, I come: laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,
With Gold and Siluer, and with rich rewardes,
Flowing from the bankes of Golden treaſures:

More may I boaſt and ſay; but I
Was neuer Shepheard in ſuch dignitie.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſ. All haile, worthy Shepheard.

Clo. All raine, lowſie Shepheard.

Muc. Welcome my friendes: from whence come you?

Miſ. The King and *Amadine* greete thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court:
Shepheard begone.

Clo. Shepheard take law-legs; flie away Shepheard.

Mu. Whoſe wordes are theſe; came theſe from *Amadine*?

Miſ. Aie from *Amadine*. *Clo.* Aie from *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah luckleſſe fortune, worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bleſſe, is now become my bale.

Clo. What, wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Mu. My former Heauen, is now become my Hell.

Clo. The worſt Ale-houſe that euer I came in, in all my life.

Mu. What ſhall I doe?

Clo. Euen goe hange thy ſelfe halfe an houre.

Mu. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly commaund
To baniſh the Shepheard from her fathers Court?

Meſ. What ſhould Shepheard doe in the Court?

Clo. What ſhould Shepheards doe amongſt vs?
Haue we not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Mu. Why Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepheards are men, and maiſters ouer their flocke.

Clo. That's a lie; who payes them their waiges then?

Miſ. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:
But you were beſt to looke to him, leaſt you hang for him,
When he is gone, *Exit.*

The Clowne ſieges.

Clo. And you ſhall hang for companie,
For leauing me alone:
Shepheard ſtand foorth, and heare my ſentence.
Shepheard be gone within three dayes, in paine of my diſpleaſure: Shephaerd be gone, Shepheard begone, begone, begone, begon, Shepheard, Shepheard Shepheard. *Exit.*

Mu. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needes depart?

Ye

Ye goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time tofore when Fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortleſſe.
Yee holſome hearbes, and ſweete ſmelling ſauours,
Yea each thing elſe prolonging life of man.
Change, change your wonted courſe,
That I wanting your ayde, in wofull ſort may die.

Enter Amadine, and Ariena her maide.

Am. *Ariena*, if any body aske for mee,
Make ſome excuſe, till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segaſto* call? *Exit.*

Am. Do thou the like to him, I meane not to ſtay long.

Mu. This voyce ſo ſweete my pining ſpiris reuiues.

Am. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou doeſt.

Mu. I linger life, yet wiſh for ſpeedy death.

Am. Shepheard although thy baniſhment already
Be decreed, and all againſt my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muc. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of baniſhment, is death;
I, double death to me: but ſince I muſt depart, one thing I craue.

Am. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in abſence, either farre or neere,
You honour me as Seruant with your name.

Am. Not ſo. *Mu.* And why?

Am. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Am. Yet like enough, where there is no diſlike.

Mu. Yet great diſlike, or elſe no baniſhment.

Am. Shepheard, it is onely *Segaſto* that procures thy baniſh-
Mu. Vnworthy wightes are more in iealouſie. (ment.

Am. Would God they would free thee from baniſhment,
Or likewiſe baniſh mee.

Mu. Amen ſay I, to haue your companie.

Am. Well Shepheard, ſith thou ſuffreſt this for my ſake,
With thee in exile alſo let me liue,
On this condition (Shepheard) thou canſt loue.

Mu. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

Am. Of late I loued one indeed ; now loue I none but onely (thee.
Mu. Thanks worthy Princeſſe : I burne likewiſe,
Yet ſmother vp the blaſt :
I dare not promiſe what I may performe.
Am. Well ſhepheard, harke what I ſhall ſay,
I will returne vnto my Fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of ſuch neceſſaries
As for my iourny I ſhall thinke moſt fit :
This being done, I will returne to thee,
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meete.
Mu. Downe in the valley, where I ſlue the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech,
That ouerſhades a Well : So who comes firſt,
Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both :
How like you this? *Am.* I like it very well.
Mu. Now if you pleaſe you may appoint the time.
Am. Full three howers hence, God willing, I will returne.
Mu. The thankes that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
the like doth *Macedorus* yeeld.
Am. Then *Macedorus* for three howers farewell. *Exit.*
Mu. Your departure Lady, breeds a priuie paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Seg. Tis well *Segaſto*, that thou haſt thy will,
Should ſuch a Shepheard, ſuch a ſimple ſwaine as he,
Eclipſe thy credit famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segaſto* ply, let it not in *Arragon* be ſayd,
A Shepheard hath *Segaſtos* honour wonne.

Enter Mouſe the Clowne, calling his Maiſter.

Clo. What, hoe Maiſter, will you come away?
Seg. Will you come hither I pray you : what's the matter?
Clo. Why is it not paſt eleuen a clocke?
Seg. How then ſir?
Clo. I pray you come away to dinner.
Seg. I pray you come hither.
Clo. Heere's ſuch a doe with you ; will you neuer come?
Se. I pray you ſir, what newes of the meſſage I ſent you about?
Clo. I tell you all the Meſſes be on the Table already,

There

There wantes not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard, halfe an houre (agoe.
Seg. Come ſir, your minde is all vpon your belly.
You haue forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Fayth I know nothing; but you bad me go to breakfaſt.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it; the very ſcent of the Meate made me, hath forgot it quite.

Seg. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What Arrant? an arrant Knaue, or an arrant Whore?

Se. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the Shepheard?

Clo. O the Shepheards Baſtard.

Seg. I tell thee, the Shepheards baniſhment.

Clo. I tell you, the Shepheards Baſtard ſhall be well kept; Ile looke to it my ſelfe: but I pray you, come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue baniſhed him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot ſay, Baniſhment, and you would giue me a thouſand poundes to ſay ſo.

Seg. Why you horeſon ſlaue, haue you forgotten that I ſent you, and an other, to driue away the Shepheard?

Clo. What an Aſſe are you: heer's a ſtirre indeed; Heere's Meſſage, Arrant, Baniſhment, and I cannot tell what?

Seg I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clo. Fayth I thinke I haue: and you will not beleeue mee, aske my Staffe.

Seg. Why, can thy Staffe tell?

Clo. Why, he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I, that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

Seg. Come ſirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not looſe an inch of you, now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you, I thought ſeauen yeare before I could get him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amadine ſolus.

Ama. God graunt my long delay, procures no harme;
Nor this my tarrying, fruſtrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* ſurely ſtayes for mee,

And thinkes mee ouer-long, at length I come,
My preſent Promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned Loue,
What is it which true Loue dares not attempt?
My Father hee may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loues, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt; compulſion is a thrall:
No, no, the heartie choyce, is all in all.
The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* eſteemes.
But what? me thinkes the Shepheard is not come:
I muſe at that, the hower is at hand:
Well, heere Ile reſt till *Mucederus* come. *She ſits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about, haſtily takes hold of her.

Bre. A happy prey; now *Bremo* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Bremo* dainties, thy hungry panch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.
Am. How can ſhe fight, that Weapons cannot weeld?
Bre. What, canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.
Am. What, muſt I die?
Bre. What needeth theſe wordes; I thirſt to ſucke thy blood.
Am. Yet pittie me, and let me liue awhile.
Bre. No pittie I, Ile feed vpon thy fleſh,
Ile teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.
Am. Ah how I want my Shepheards companie.
Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones betwixt two Oaken trees.
Am. Haſte Shepheard haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt too late.
Bre. Ile ſucke the ſweetneſſe from thy Marrow-bones.
Am. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe blood.
Bre. With this my Batt, will I beat out thy braines;
Downe, downe I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelfe vpon the ground.
Am. Then *Mucederus*, farewell; my hoped ioyes farewell:
Yea, farewell life, and welcome preſent death; *She kneeles.*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying Ghoſt.
Bre. Now *Bremo*, play thy part.
How now; What ſodaine chaunce is this?
My Limmes doe tremble, and my Sinowes ſhake:

My

My vnweakned Armes hath loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*. what a foyle haſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid,
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah, how my courage fayles, when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breaſt;
Shall I ſpare her *Bremo*? Speare her, do not kill,
Saith ſpare her, which neuer ſpared any.
To it *Bremo*, to it, ſay againe;
I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand:
Me thinkes I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one.
I thinke her Beautie hath betwitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altered Natures courſe.
Aie Woman! wilt thou liue in Woods with me?

Am. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in Woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Mu. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe, for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoynts,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wiſh, the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet th'appoynted time can not be paſt;
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
Well heere Ile ſtay, and expect her comming.

They cry within, Hold him, hold him.

Mu. Some one or other is purſued no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me; tis good to doubt the worſt,
Therefore Ile begone. *Exit.*

Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, holdhim: heer's a ſtirre indeed: here came hew after the crier; & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nip*, houſe

and there I cald for three pots of Ale, as tis the maner of vs Courtiers: now ſirra, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them: Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on; but I am ſure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: well, Ile ſee: Maſſe I cannot ſee him, yet: Well Ile looke a little further: Maſſe he is a little ſlaue if a be heere: why heer's no body: all this goes well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her pot; I marie there's the matter. But I care not, Ile face her out, and cal her old ruſtie, duſtie, muſtie, fuſtie, cruſtie Fierbrand, and worſe then all that, and ſo face her out of her pot: but ſoft, heere ſhe comes.

Enter the old Woman.

Old Wo. Come you knaue, where's my pot, you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot, twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue, thou haſt my pot.

Clo. You lie and you ſay it: I your pot? I know what Ile ſay.

Old. Why, what wilt thou ſay?

Clo. But ſay I haue him, and thou dar'ſt.

Old. Why thou knaue, thou haſt not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpayd for.

Clo. You lie like an old: I will not ſay whore.

Old. Doeſt thou call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou dareſt:
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he ariſeth ouer her head, and caſteth down the Pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it: then they fall together by the eares: ſhe takes vp her Pot, and goes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Seg. How now ſirra, what's the metter?

Clo. Oh Flies Maſter, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. Oh, heere Maiſter all about your face.

Seg. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad,

Clo. Why Maiſter, I haue killed a dung-cart full at the leaſt.

Seg. Go too ſirra, leauing this idle talke, giue eare to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares?

Not

Not and you were ten Maiſters.

Seg. Why ſir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you, I will not be mad a Curtall for no mans plea-

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I ſay: (ſure.

Goe thy wayes ſtraight and reare the whole Towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole Towne? euen goe your ſelfe, it is more then I can doe: Why? do you thinke I can reare a Towne, that can ſcarce reare a pot of Ale to my head:

I ſhould reare a Towne, ſhould I not?

Seg. Goe to the Conſtable, and make a Priuie ſearch,

For the Shepheard is runne away with the Kings Daughter.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepheard?

Seg. I cannot tell; but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is ſhe, to runne away with the Shepheard? Why, I thinke I am a little handſomer Man, then the Shepheard, my ſelfe: But tell me Maiſter; muſt I make a Priuie ſearch, or ſearch in the Priuie;

Seg. Why, does thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then, ſearch euery where,

Leaue no place vnſearcht for them. *Exit.*

Clo. Oh now am I in an Office: now will I to that old firebrandes houſe, and will not leaue one place vnſearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-ſtand, and drinke as long as I can ſtand: and when I haue done, Ile let out all the reſt, to ſee if he be not hid in the Barrell: and if I find him not there, Ile to the Cupbord; Ile not leaue one corner of her houſe vnſerched: y'fayth yee old Cruſt, I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Muſicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Lord Barachius, with others.

King Va. Enough of Muſicke, it but addes to torment;

Delightes to vexed ſpirites, are as Dates

Set to a ſicke man; which rather cloy, then comfort:

Let mee intreat you, to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your ſtrings ſleepe; haue done there. *Muſicke ceaſeth.*

King Va. Mirth to a ſoule diſturb'd, are embers turn'd,

Which ſodaine gleame, with moleſtation,
But ſooner looſe their ſight-fort;
Tis Gold beſtowd vpon a Ryotor,
Which not relieues, but murders him:
Tis a Drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle actes of Time?
No, no; till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.

Anſ. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

Kin.Ua. I pre-thee ſpeake that thriſe.

Anſ. The Prince your Sonne, is ſafe.

Kin.Ua. Oh where *Anſelmo?* furſet me with that.

Anſ. In *Arragon*, my Liege; and at his parture,
Bound my ſecrecie
By his affectious loue, not to diſcloſe it:
But care of him, and pittie of your age,
Makes my tongue blab, what my breaſt vow'd concealment.

Kin.Ua. Thou not deceiu'ſt me; I euer thought thee
What I find thee now, an vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humour
Nurſt within the braine,
Drew him ſo priuatly to *Arragon*?

Anſ. A forcing Adamant,
Loue, mixt with Feare and doubtfull iealouſie,
Whether Report guilded a worthleſſe truncke,
Or *Amadine* deſerued her high extolment.

K.Ua. See our prouiſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs Followers of the comlieſt hue,
For our chiefe Guardions; we will thither wend:
The chriſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thriſe wincke,
Nor the greene Flood, ſixe times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Arragonian* King
Muſicke ſpeake loudly, now the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſure wrapt. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Mu. Now *Mucedorus*, whether wilt thou goe?
Home to thy Father, to thy natiue ſoyle;
Or trie ſome long abode within theſe Woodes:
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home.
What, hie me home ſaid I? that may not be,
In *Amadine* reſtes my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus*, doo as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee Hermit-like within theſe Groues;
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make Settles there, and ſeat thy ſelfe thereon,
And when thou feeleſt thy ſelfe to be athirſt,
Then drinke a heartie drought to *Amadine*,
No doubt ſhe thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee, at this Well.
Come Habite, thou art fit for me, *He diſguiſeth himſelfe.*
No Shepheard now, a Hermite muſt I be
Mee thinkes this fittes me very well;
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking Staffe,
And exerciſe ſome grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heer's through the woods, and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepheard, and a ſtray Kings Daughter:
But ſoft, Who haue we heere? What art thou?

Mu. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer ſaw ſuch a bigge Emmet in all my life before.

Mu. I tell you ſir, I am an Hermite,
One that leades a ſolitarie life within theſe Woods.

Clo. O, I know thee now; thou art hee that eates vp all the Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fatte Bacon for thee, all this yeare.

Muc. Thou doeſt miſtake mee:
But I pray thee tell me, who doſt thou ſeeke in theſe Woods?

Clo. What doe I ſeeke? for a ſtray Kinges Daughter,
Runne away with a Shepheard.

Muc. A ſtray Kinges Daughter, run away with a Shepheard,
Wherefore, canſt thou tell?

Clo.

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this; my Maiſter and *Amadine*, walking one day abroad, neerer to theſe Woodes then they were vſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare: now my Maiſter he playde the man, and ran away; and *Amadine*, crying after him: now ſir, comes me a Shepheard and he ſtrikes off the Beares head: now whether the Beare were dead before or no, I cannot tell; for bring twentie Beares before mee, and bind their hands and feete, and Ile kill them all. Now euer ſince, *Amadine* hath been in loue with the Shepheard; and for good-will ſhee's euen run away with the Shepheard.

Mu. What maner of man was he, canſt deſcribe him vnto me?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, wel-fauoured fellow: a Ierkin of White cloth, and Buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muc. Thou deſcribeſt him well: but if I chaunce to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I finde you, or what's your name?

Clo. My name is called, Maiſter *Mouſe*.

Muc. Oh Maiſter *Mouſe*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Mary ſir, I am Ruſher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Vſher of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I ſay Ruſher; and Ile prooue mine Office good: for looke ſir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or ſo, & a Dogge chaunce to blow his noſe backward, then with a Whippe I giue him the good time of the day & ſtrow Ruſhes preſently; therefore I am a Ruſher: a high Office I promiſe yee.

Mu. But where ſhall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is beſt beeing, either in the Kitchin a eating, or in the Butterie drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe & Brewes knuckle deepe in fatte: pray you take paines; remember maiſter *Mouſe*. *Exit.*

Mu. Ay ſir, I warrant, I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine!* What ſhould become of thee?
Whither ſhouldſt thou goe ſo long vnknowne?
With Watch and Ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubtleſſe ſhe hath loſt her ſelfe within theſe Woods,
And wandring too and fro, ſhe ſeekes the Well,

Which

Which yet ſhe can not find; therefore will I ſeeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his Woods?

Am. As like the Woods of *Bremoes* crueltie:
Though I were dumbe, and could not anſwere him,
The Beaſtes themſelues would with relenting teares,
Bewayle thy ſauage and vnhumaine deedes.

Bre. My Loue, why doſt thou murmure to thy ſelfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Am. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue.

Bre. Haue I not ſaued thee from ſodaine death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue, that thou mightſt loue,
And doſt thou whet me on to crueltie?
Come kiſſe me (ſweete) for all my fauours paſt.

Am. I may not *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how ſhe flinges away from me;
I will follow, and giue attend to her.
Denie my Loue, a Worme of Beautie:
I will chaſtice thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the Blocke.

Am. O ſpare me *Bremo*, Loue ſhould limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himſelfe.
Yf thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the Lion, or the Beare,
And like a Woolfe, prey not vpon a Lambe.

Bre. Why then doſt thou repine at me?
Yf thou wilt loue me, thou ſhalt be my Queene,
I will crowne thee with a Complet made of Iuorie,
And make the Roſe and Lillie waite on thee:
Ile rend the burley Branches from the Oake,
To ſhadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees ſhall ſpread themſelues where thou doſt goe,
And as they ſpread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may; for who but you.

Bre. Thou ſhalt be fedde with Quailes and Partriges,
With Black-birdes, Larkes, Thruſhes, and Nightingales;
Thy drinke ſhall be Goates milke and chriſtall Water,
Diſtilling from the Fountaines, and the cleareſt Springes:

And all the dainties that the Woods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Ama. You may, for who but you.
Bre. The day Ile ſpende, to recreate my Loue,
With all the pleaſures that I can deuiſe:
And in the night, Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly imbrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs and the Wood-nimphes ſhall attend on thee,
And lull thee aſleepe with Muſicks ſound:
And in the morning when thou doeſt awake,
The Larke ſhall ſing, Good-morrow to my Queene:
And whileſt he ſinges, Ile kiſſe mine *Amadine*.
Ama. You may, for who but you.
Bre. When thou art vp, the Wood-lanes ſhall be ſtrowed
With Violets, Cowſlips, and ſweete Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to trace vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deare,
To chaſe the Hart, and how to rouſe the Roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you.

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome ſir, an houre agoe I lookt for ſuch a gueſt:
Be merrie Wench, weele haue a frolicke Feaſt,
Heere's Fleſh enough for to ſuffice vs both:
Say ſirra, wilt thou fight, or doeſt thou meane to die?
Muc. I want a Weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wants a Weapon, why then thou yeeldſt to die.
Mu. I ſay not ſo; I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, I long to ſee thee dead.
Ama. Yet ſpare him *Bremo*, ſpare him.
Bre. Away I ſay, I will not ſpare him.
Am. Yet giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not ſpeake.
Am. Yet giue him leaue to ſpeake, for my ſake.
Bre. Speake on; but be not ouer-long.
Muc. In time of yore, when Men like brutiſh Beaſtes,
Did lead their liues in loathſome Celles and Woods,

And

And wholly gaue themſelues to witleſſe Will;
A rude vnruly route: then man to man became,
A preſent prey; then Might preuailed,
The weakeſt went to Walles:
Right was vnknowne, for Wrong was all in all:
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came, (as Poets tell)
And them from Rudeneſſe vnto Reaſon brought:
VVho led by Reaſon, ſome forſooke the VVoods,
In ſtead of Caues, they built them Caſtles ſtrong;
Cities and Townes were founded by them then;
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end, they grew to perfect amitie,
VVaying their former wickedneſſe:
They tearm'd the time wherein they liued then,
A Golden age, a goodly Golden age.
Now *Bremo*, (for ſo I heare thee called)
If men which liued tofore, as thou doeſt now,
VVilde in VVood, addicted all to ſpoyle,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let mee like *Orpheus*, cauſe thee to returne
From Murther, Bloodſhed, and like Crueltie:
VVhat, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?
No, lets liue, and loue togeather faythfully;
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or eſe thou dieſt.

Am. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Am. You promiſed me to make me your Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Am. Then ſaue this Hermites life, for he may ſaue vs both.

Bre. At thy requeſt Ile ſpare him; but neuer any, after him.
Say Hermite, What canſt thou doe?

Muc. Ile waite on thee, ſometime vpon thy Queene:
Such ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Seg. Come ſirs, what ſhall I neuer haue you find out *Amadine* and the Shepheard?

Clo. And I haue been through the Woods, and through the Woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Ru. Why I ſee a thouſand Emmets: thou meanſt a little one.

Clo. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw, was bigger then thou art.

Ru. Bigger then I; what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maiſter turne him away.

Seg. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. Thinke he was, for he ſayd he did lead a Saltſellers life about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldeſt ſay, a ſolitarie life about the woods.

Clo. I thinke ſo it was in deed.

Ru. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wiſe man: Why he did nothing but ſleepe ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Munſe*, How did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white Hat on his head, And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo, it was an Hermite that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue ſeeking, till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both, *Exit.*

Clo. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we do now?

Ru. Faith Ile home to dinner and afterward to ſleepe.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Ru. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall neuer find them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and If I cannot find them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt goe in at one ende of the wood, and I at the other, and we will meete both together in the midſt.

Ru. Content, let's away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Mu. Vnknowne to any heere within theſe Woods,
With bloudy *Brame* do I leade my life:
The Monſter he, doth murder all he meetes,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but onely I
In ſuch a cruell cutthroats companie?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
A ſilly ſoule, how often times ſhe fits
And ſighes, and cals, come Shepheard come:
Sweete *Mucedorus* come and ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by,
But heere ſhe comes: What newes faire Lady,
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Am. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Mu. How do you like your *Bremo*, and his woods?

Am. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Mu. And why not yours? me thinkes he loues you well.

Am. I like not him; his loue to me is nothing worth.

Mu. Lady, in this, me thinkes you offer wrong,
To hate the man, that euer loues you beſt.

Am. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his loue:
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Mu. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady; ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremos* ſight:
Vnfold to me, ſo if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe
How, when, and why, you came into theſe Woods,
And fell into this bloody Butchers hands?

Am. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue.

Mu. A Shepheard (Lady) ſure a man vnfit to match with you?

Am. Hermite, this is true: and when we had.

Mu. Stay there, the Wild-man comes,
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? What whiſpring haue we heere?
Villaine, I charge thee tel thy tale againe.

Mu. If needs I muſt, loe heere it is againe.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both; but ſpecially thy Queene:
Who in thy abſence, euer feares the worſt.
Leaſt ſome miſchaunce befall your rayall Grace.

Shall my ſweete *Bremo* wander through the Woods,
Toyle too and fro, for to redreſſe my want,
Hazard his life; and all to cheriſh mee?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And therevpon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle Weapons well.
My anſwere was, I had ſmall skill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo? none can diſlike of this;
Ile teach you both to fight: but firſt, my Queene begin,
Heere, take this Weapon, ſee how thou canſt vſe it.

Ama. This is too bigge, I can not weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Iſt ſo? weele haue a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt thou?

Muc. With all my heart, I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my Staffe, and ſee how thou canſt weeld it.

Mu. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou hold'ſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Muc. Next tell me how, and when tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerue;
Tis beſt to looſe no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer, is my time to ſtrike.

Bre, And when thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure to hid the Head.

Mu. The Head?

Bre. The very Head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He ſtrikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die; a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſeru'ſt a worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart, this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muc. Now Lady, it remaines in you,
To end the Tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſayd, you loued a Shepheard.

Ama. I ſo I doe, and none but onely him:
And will doe ſtill, as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muc. But tell me Lady, ſith I ſet you free,

What

What courſe of life doe you intend to take?

Ama. I will (diſguiſed) wander through the World,
Till I haue found him out.

Muc. How if you find your Shepheard in theſe Woods?

Ama. Ah! none ſo happy then as *Amadine*.

He diſguiſeth himſelfe.

Mu. In tract of time, a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*: hath he ſet me free?

Muc. He hath ſet thee free.

Ama. And liued ſo long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Muc. Ay that's a queſtion whereof you may not be reſolued;
You know that I am baniſht from the Court:
I know likewiſe each paſſage is beſet,
So that we cannot long eſcape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right through the Thickets to the Wild-mans Caue,
And there awhile liue on his prouiſion,
Vntill the ſearch and narrow watch be paſt:
This is my counſell, and I thinke it beſt.

Ama. I thinke the very ſame.

Muc Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne ſearcheth, and falles ouer the Wild-man, and ſo carries him away.

Clo. Nay ſoft ſir; are you heere? a bots on you,
I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:
VVe would borrow a certaine ſtray Kings Daughter of you;
A Wench, a Wench ſir, we would haue.

Muc. A Wench of me? Ile make thee eate my Sword.

Clo. O Lord; nay & you are ſo luſtie, Ile call a cooling card for you: Ho Maiſter, Maiſter; I, come away quickly. *Enter Seg.*

Seg. What's the matter?

Clo. Looke Maiſter: *Amadine* and the Shepheard; ô braue.

Seg. What Minion, haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay that's a lie, I found her out my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou gadding huſwife, what cauſe hadſt thou to gadde abroad,

When

When as thou knoweſt our Wedding day ſo nie?
Ama. Not ſo *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your Aſſurance, then Ile anſwere you.
Seg. Thy Fathers Promiſe, my aſſurance is.
Ama. But what he promiſt, he hath not performde.
Seg. It reſtes in thee for to performe the ſame.
Ama. Not I.
Seg. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen ſo.
Clo. Maiſter, with a none, none no.
Seg. Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere?
Muc. What needes theſe wordes? we waigh them not.
Seg. We waigh them not? proud Shepheard, I ſcorne thy com-
Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy company. (pany.
Mu. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clo. That's a lie; a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Seg. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine*, contentes me not.
Ama Then ſeeke another, that may you better pleaſe.
Muc. Well *Amadine*, it onely reſtes in thee,
(Without delay) to make thy choyce of three:
There ſtandes *Segaſto*, heere a Shepheard ſtandes;
There ſtandes the third: now make thy choyce.
Clo. A Lord (at the leaſt) I am.
Ama. My choyce is made; for I will none but thee.
Seg. A worthy Mate (no doubt) for ſuch a Wife.
Muc. And *Amadine*; why, wilt thou none but mee;
I cannot keepe thee as thy Father did;
I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreouer, if thou meane to be my Wife,
Commonly this muſt be thy vſe,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure;
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dayly victuall for to winne:
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all;
No Princeſſe then, but plaine a Shepheards wife.
Clo. Then, God gee-you good morrow gooddy Shepheard.
Ama. It ſhall not need; if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of Arragon.

Clo. Oh Maiſter, laugh: when hee's King, then Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that, which nere tofore was knowne;
I am no Shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood: my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queene: who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy, my fortune is ſo good.

Seg. Well, now I ſee *Segiſto* ſhall not ſpeed:
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee heere within our Court of *Arragon*,
As if a Kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart, ſurrender her to thee:

He gives her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clo. What Barnes doore, and borne where my Father was
Conſtable; a bots on thee: how doſt thee?

Muc. Thankes *Segiſto*: but yet you leueld at the Crowne.

Clo. Maiſter, beare this, and beare all.

Seg. Why ſo ſir?

Clo. He ſees you take a Gooſe by the crowne.

Seg. Goe to ſir, away, poſt you to the King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts;
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clo. I goe Maiſter, I runne Maiſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart, and end my pallade woes,
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life:
How can I ioy, except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breedes ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder, breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare thoſe paſsions, gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee t'will turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe aſſure mee that,
And nought but death, vnleſſe of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannor ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

They cry within, Ioy and Happineſſe.

Clo. I heare a noyſe of ouer-paſsing ioy,
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort:
And heere comes one in haſte.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, What's the matter?

Clo. O tis newes for a King; tis worth Mony.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold, if it be good.

Clo. O tis good, tis good: *Amadine.*

Kin. O what of her? tell me and I will make thee a Knight.

Clo. How, a Spright? no by Lady, I will not be a Spright:
Maiſters, get you away, if I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane,
I ſhall make you all afrayde.

Coll. Thou ſot, the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clo. Why, I ſhall want Parrell.

Kin. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Col. Then ſtand away; ſtrike vp thy ſelfe: heere they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall Daughter.

Kin. What, doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?*
Riſe vp deare Daughter, and let theſe imbracing armes,
Shew ſome token of thy Fathers ioy,
Which euer ſince thy departure, hath languiſhed in ſorrow.

Ama. Deare Father, neuer were your ſorrowes
Greater then my griefes:
Neuer you ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe:
Yet neuertheleſſe, acknowledging my ſelfe
To be the cauſe of both; on bended knees,
I humbly craue your pardon

Kin. Ile pardon thee (deare Daughter,) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father, what of him?

Kin. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne,
I will reuenge on that accurſed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (fauour.

Kin. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.

Muc. I doe deſerue the Daughter of a King.

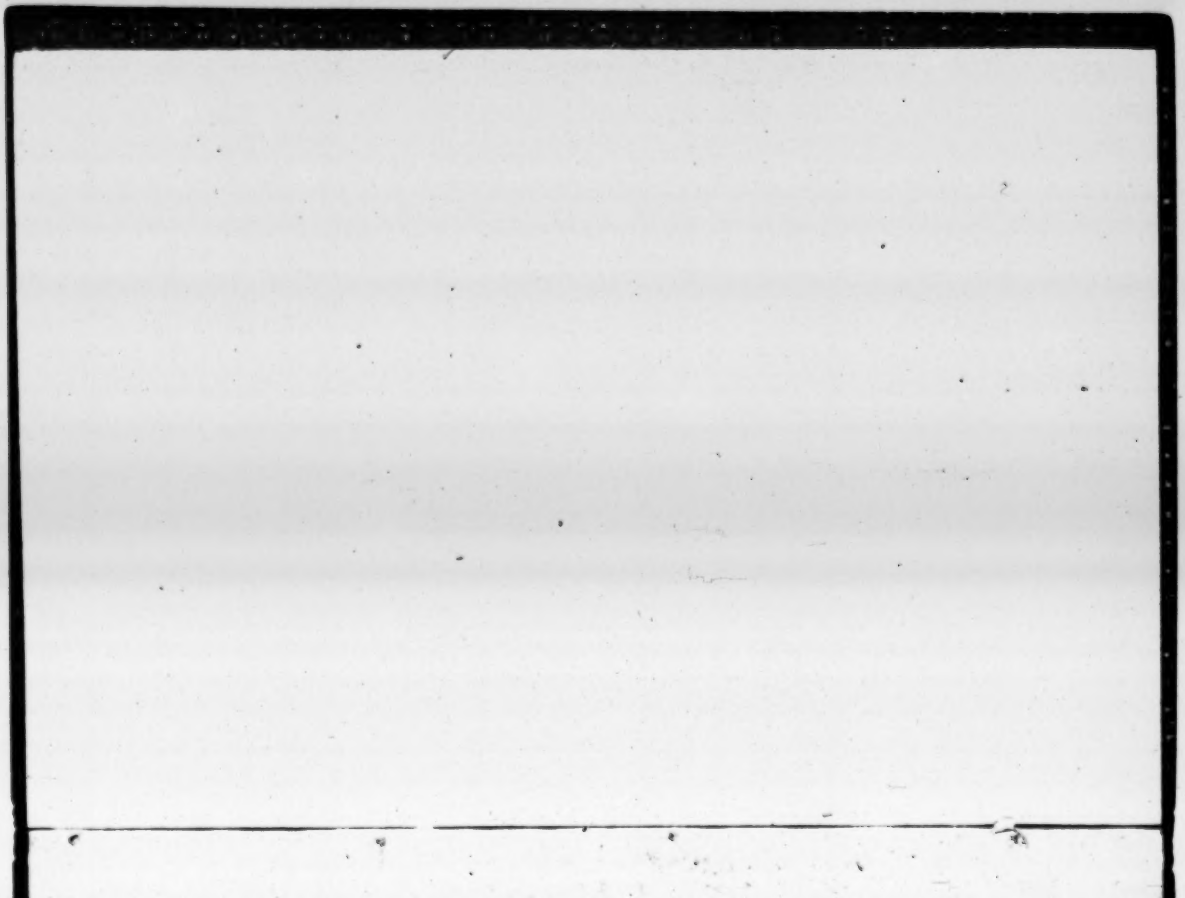
Kin. Oh impudent; a Shepheard, and ſo inſolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepheard I, but a worthy Prince.
Kin. In faire conceit, not Princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne; my father is a King,
My mother a Queene, and of *Valencia* both.
Kin. What *Mucederus*? Welcome to our Court:
What cauſe hadſt thou, to come to me diſguiſde?
Muc. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence,
But this; deſiring thy Daughters vertues for to ſee,
Diſguiſde my ſelfe from out my fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any, in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles, neere to death:
So hath your Daughter my partaker been,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large:
Deſiring you, you will giue her to mee,
Euen as mine owne, and ſoueraigne of my life:
Then ſhall I thinke my trauels are well ſpent.
King. VVith all my heart: but this,
Segaſto claymes my Promiſe made tofore,
That hee ſhould haue her as his onely Wife,
Before my Counſell, when we came from Warre.
Segaſto, may I craue thee let it paſſe,
And giue *Amazune* as wife to *Mucederus*.
Seg. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing;
And what I may, to furniſh vp their rites,
With pleaſing ſportes and paſtimes, you ſhall ſee.
Kin. Thankes good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Mu. Thankes good my Lord; and while I liue,
Account of mee in what I can, or may.
Ama. And good *Segaſto*, theſe great courteſies,
Shall not be forgot.
Clo. Why harke you Maiſter; bones, what haue you done?
What, giuen away the Wench you made me take ſuch paines for?
you are wiſe indeed: Maſſe and I had knowne of that, I would
haue had her my ſelfe: Faith Maiſter, now we may goe to break-
faſt with a Woodcock-pie.
Seg. Goe ſir, you were beſt leaue this knauerie.
Kin. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
VVhere we may finiſh vp the ioyfulleſt day

That euer hapt to a diſtreſſed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Preſent in view of this combined knot,
A ſhout within. Enter a Meſſenger.
What ſhout was that?
Meſ. My Lord, the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriued, intreates your preſence.
Mu. My Father?
King A. Prepared welcomes; giue him entertainement:
A happier Planet neuer raigned then that,
Which gouerns at this houre. *Sound.*
Enter the King of Valentia, Arſelmo, Rodrigo, Barchius, with others, the King runnes and imbraces his Sonne.
King V. Riſe honour of my age, food to my reſt:
Condemne not (mightie King of *Arragon*)
My rude behauiour, ſo compild by Nature,
That Manners ſtood vnknowledged.
King A. What we haue to recite, would tedious prooue,
By declaration; therefore in, and feaſt:
To morrow the performance ſhall explaine
What Words conceale; till then, Drummes ſpeake, Bels ring,
Giue plauſiue welcomes to our brother King.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.
Enter Comedie, and Ennie.
Com. How now *Ennie*; what, bluſheſt thou alreadie?
Peepe foorth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with a courage, prayſe a Womans deedes:
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldſt doe me no hurt,
Although thou ſeemeſt to croſſe me with deſpight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turned vpſide downe thy Blockes,
And made thy ſcife to ſtumble at the ſame.
Enn. Though ſtumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canſt not draw my heart to mildneſſe:
Yet muſt I needes confeſſe, thou haſt done well,
And playde thy part, with mirth and pleaſant glee:
Say all this, yet canſt thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou haſt got,
Yet not the Conqueſt neither.

A double Reuenge, another time Ile haue.
Com. *Ennus*, ſpit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue; create new fallacies,
Teame from thy Wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe blood and thoughts haue twins conception:
Studie to act deedes yet vnchronicled,
Caſt natiue Monſters in the mouldes of Men;
Caſe vicious Diuels vnder ſancted Rochets:
Vnhaſpe the Wicket where all Periurds roaſt;
And ſwarme this Ball with Treaſons; do thy worſt;
Thou Canſt not (hel-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blind that glorie, where I wiſh delight.
Enn. I can, I will.
Com. Neffarious Hagge, begin,
And let vs tugge, till one the maſtrie win.
Enn. *Comedie*, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall, my Comick merriment.
Com. Thy pollicie wants grauitie; thou art too weake:
Speake Fiend, as how?
Enn. Why thus:
From my foule Studie wil I hoyſt a Wretch,
A leane and hungry Neager Canniball:
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eyes, with chawing Malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to'th purpoſe?
Enn. This ſcrambling Rauen, with his needie Beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedie,
Wherein ſhall be compoſ'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines:
And euery other where, place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe, ſhall more terment, then blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker then Lightning)
Will flie me to the puiſant Magiſtrate,
And waighting with a Trencher at his backe,
In midſt of iollitie, rehearſe thoſe gaules,
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theator:
Hee vpon this, cannot but make complaint,

To your great danger, or at leaſt, reſtraint.
Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly;
This is a Trap for Boyes, not Men, nor ſuch,
Eſpecially deſertfull in their doinges,
Whoſe ſtay'd diſcretion, rules their purpoſes.
I and my faction, doe eſchew thoſe vices:
But ſee, O ſee; the weary Sunne for reſt
Hath laine his golden compaſſe to the Weſt,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer ſhine,
As *Danids* of-ſpring, in his happy Clime.
Stoope *Ennie* ſtoope, bow to the Earth with mee,
Lets begge our Pardons on our bended knee. *They kneele.*
Enn. My power has loſt her might; *Enuies* date's expired,
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*
Com. Glorious and wiſe Arch-*Ceſar* on this earth,
At whoſe appearance, *Ennie's* ſtroken dumbe,
And all bad thinges, ceaſe operation;
Vouchſafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late preſented to your Gracious view,
And weele endeauour with exceſſe of paine,
To pleaſe your ſenſes in a choyſer ſtraine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of Night;
Whoſe ſpangled carkaſſe, would for your delight,
Striue to exceell the Day; be bleſſed then.
Who other wiſhes, let him neuer ſpeake.
Enn. Amen.
To Fame and Honour, we commend your reſt;
Liue ſtill more happy, euery houre more bleſt.

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